

WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

She Loved Him.

So Bessie Harewood, the Music Hall Artiste, Sacrificed Herself for Lord Clyde.

INTRIGUING LADY ETHEL'S PLOT.

On the Eve of Marrying Clyde When Bessie Appears to Claim Her Husband.

BY CHARLES GARVICE.

(Condensed from Charles Garvice's Novel "She Loved Him," by permission of George Munro's Sons.)
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CHAPTER I. Clyde's Marriage.

MAN and a girl strolled along a path in St. James's Park, London.

The man was Lord Clyde Leyton, who had the reputation of being the wildest spendthrift in London. His companion was Bessie Harewood, a young girl of good family, who, being forced by poverty to support herself and her little invalid sister, Lily, had gone on the music-hall stage under the name of "Miss St. Clare."

There Clyde had seen her, and this handsome youth, for whom half the mothers of marriageable girls in London were angling, had promptly fallen in love with her.

She knew him only as "Harry Brand." He told her his family lived far away in the country. More she had never cared to ask.

He might have added that he was head over heels in debt to a money

She looks away from him and sighs softly.

"I am trying to feel as if I were your sister. Have you a sister?"

He shakes his head.

"No, worse luck. I should have been a better man if I had one, dearest."

"Yes, I was trying to put myself in your sister's place and to realize what I should feel if her brother came to me and told me that he had asked a music-hall singer to be his wife." Her voice drops at the last words and makes sweet music of them.

Clyde's face flushes for a moment.

"I see!" he says quietly.

"I was trying to realize the horror she would feel, and not only she, but your mother, all your relatives and friends. Everybody belonging to you would think you were lost."

"Bessie!"

"It is not too late!" she says. "There is time still for you to draw back. Don't think I will blame you. I will not."

THE PARTING.



"ONLY A FEW HOURS, DEAREST," SAID HE.

lender and that his austere father, the Earl of Northfield, had practically forbidden him to marry the girl.

Lady Ethel Paulett, one of the beauties of the season.

To cure himself of his love for Bessie, Clyde had gone to his father's estate of Northfield and done his best to fall in love with Ethel Paulett, but the wealthy woman's cold, hard face and haughty manner had only served to draw him back to Bessie.

Bessie and Clyde had met by chance in the park on this day. He had resolved not to tell of his love, but love, like murder, will out.

"Miss Harewood," he says at last, and his voice is very low, yet with it a certain manly fortitude, "I know that I ought to have waited until you knew me better, but—there it is! I have as good as told you, and now you know the truth. I don't—hesitates—of course I don't ask you to love me." He laughs shortly with self-deprecation. "I'm not such a fool as to think that possible. Why on earth should you—yet? But—but if you will give me a little time, if you'll let me see you, and let me try and get you to love me, I'll be content. That's all I ask," he goes on, bending over her again. "I'll be great deal, I know. Of course, you'd be quite right if you sent me away, but, for heaven's sake, don't do that."

Her hands clasp each other tightly and she raises her eyes, but she does not look at him, but at the group which has just passed them and left them in solitude again.

"You don't know anything about me," he says after a moment, and then he stops again. Shall he do what he has on the point of doing—tell her the truth, tell her that he has deceived her, that he has given her a false name and that, instead of being Harry Brand, he is Viscount Leyton, heir to the earldom of Northfield?

But that darker spirit which is every man's shadow mutters: "Unless you want to lose her forever keep your counsel for the present. It will be easy enough to tell her later on."

And the dark spirit goes the day, as, still it generally goes with even the good among us, and Clyde is neither good nor wise, as we know.

"But if you'll give me time I'll try and prove—not that I'm worthy of you; there isn't a man in the world who can be that, I love of all a fellow like me, but that I love you with all my heart and soul."

He is silent, looking down at her for a moment, then he says, as if he could not bear the suspense any longer:

"Speak to me, Bessie! Will you give me some hope? Will you try and love me? Will you come day by day, as, still it generally goes with even the good among us, and Clyde is neither good nor wise, as we know."

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ELEVENTH LESSON.

Manners at Mealtime.

Proper Behavior at Table.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



Do Not Spread the Napkin Out Like a Tablecloth. Unfold It About Half Its Width and Lay It Across the Lap. There Is No Need To Raise It Above the Table.



Never Turn the Fork of the Spoon Around to the Mouth In This Awkward Fashion.



Always Take Soup From the Side of the Spoon.



Dip Up the Soup With a Motion of the Spoon Which Carries It From Instead of Toward You.

In olden times the kings of France were accustomed to breakfast publicly, so that even the humblest of their subjects might have no excuse for ignorance of proper behavior at table. We have no kings in this day and country to set us examples for good manners, but the sovereign American people will surely not wish to be behind the French peasant in copying whatever he knows to be good.

Fortunately in nearly every hotel or restaurant in the land a proportion of the patrons eat properly. Quiet watching and careful imitating with frank questions now and then from those who wish to learn of those who can rightly teach them—these wonderfully help in the art of learning how to eat. And those who have heretofore disdained table manners will find food and drink actually tasting better than in the days when it was hurriedly "gobbled" or bolted.

The first thing to learn is the correct way to sit at the table. Neither too close nor too far away is the rule. Sit gracefully erect with the waist about eight inches from the table's edge. Do not lounge back in your chair. Do not lean your elbows on the table. Let your hands when not actively employed rest quietly in your lap, instead of playing

ing with knife or fork or spoon, or roaming restlessly over the tablecloth. Unfold your napkin soon after you have taken your seat. According to the strict rules of etiquette one should not spread it out like a tablecloth, but open it to about half its width and lay it across the lap. This applies to the enormous French napkins—smaller ones should be unfolded and laid across the lap. There is no need to raise the napkin high above the table while unfolding it. To do so is awkward and inelegant. Neither do well-bred people use the napkin as a bib by tucking it in the neck or buttonhole. People who are ordinarily careful and eat correctly stand in no danger of spattering shirt-front or bodice.

When using a spoon never turn its point toward the mouth in the awkward manner shown in the illustration. Drink always from the side of the spoon. Dip up soup with a motion of the spoon away from the body. Never make the slightest noise with lips or tongue when drinking any liquid. To take up a hot liquid and attempt to cool it with

the breath is a most reprehensible habit. The foods which are properly eaten with a spoon are those that cannot be so conveniently conveyed to the mouth by a fork. Oranges, grape-fruit and all berries and fruit when served with cream, porridge, jellies, hot puddings or custards are also to be eaten with the spoon. For ice-cream either the spoon or the fork may be used. The fork is preferred in society. Eggs eaten from the shell require an egg spoon which is smaller than the ordinary teaspoon. In a later article the knack of deftly breaking the egg and eating it from the shell without awkwardness will be shown through the aid of a practical illustration to be easier than some people seem to find it.

With regard to oranges, opinion is divided as to the daintiest and pleasantest manner of conveying their juices to the mouth. Many prefer to cut them in quarters, draw off the peel and then divide each quarter into pieces of the fingers. Upon the whole, however, this favorite fruit seems most enjoyed at table when it is cut in circular halves and eaten with a pointed orange spoon, or a teaspoon if the other is not at hand. Stewed fruits may be eaten with the fork, according to their "consistency," but peas, beans, &c., must never be taken up with the spoon.

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A ROMANCE OF THE DAY'S NEWS.

LOVE LAUGHS AT PAPA'S OBJECTIONS.

THE door of the parlor closed and a youth of determined countenance stepped down the hall with a firm and steady tread.

The front door closed behind him, and with a backward glance at his father's home Herbert Morris gave a sigh of relief.

"After all, there is nothing like love," he murmured, "nothing in all the world. There is only one happiness for me in life and that is by the side of Hermia. It is cruel of father to object. We will marry, and marry soon!"

Herbert Morris and Hermia Pompezzi had been a case of love at first sight.

In the midst of the ray dancing at a college hop one night, Herbert Morris suddenly ceased to find a deep interest in the partner he had been enjoying, the delectation of the two-step had lost its charm. For in the entrance to the hall stood a young girl with the blackest eyes, the reddent of lips and the whitest of teeth.

Gowned in a simple pink organdie, with a pink rose low in her hair, she looked like a figure from an old painting.

She was not long before the enthusiastic young student had sought an introduction and before the evening had passed he had won her permission to call.

The interest which she had shown in the college year, they girl's eyes told that she responded to the intensity of his feelings.

Throughout the remainder of the college year they enjoyed the social pleasures of two fully alive young people.

When vacation came there were HERBERT LEONARD and MORRIS.

It was on Morris's return to school that he took up his abode at his sweet heart's mother's boarding-house, but their love story was interrupted by an irate parent.

The elder Morris heard of the tenor of his son's thoughts.

"You have a position to maintain, my son, and you are too young!"

Tears filled Hermia Pompezzi's eyes as she heard the words of the elder Morris.

"How can I live without you?" she murmured.

"Hermia, we will not wait; we shall not be made the playthings of fate. Will you come to New York to-day?"

A startled look came into the girl's eyes.

"Oh, Herbert, how can I? Think of mother! I must explain."

"You can explain later," said the young man, with determination. "It is now or never!"

With a heart full of love, but with a feeling of timidity, Hermia Pompezzi ran to her little white-robed room and gazed for the last time upon the face that was to answer to that name.

In a moment she was ready and soon the two were speeding on their way to New York.

"We must be married at once and return to-night," she insisted.

Into the Jefferson Market Court the two young lovers walked and asked for a Magistrate.

"The Magistrate is at lunch," was the chilling answer.

"We cannot wait, Herbert," was the half-frightened bride-elect.

"Hermia, I'll tell you what we'll do—we will have a lawyer draw up a marriage contract, will that satisfy you?"

"If we can't find a Magistrate to solemnize it, will you do for Herbert I do want to be married just as quick as possible, and then we must hurry home."

"There will soon be a new home for you, Hermia," said Morris with a smile as he and his beautiful bride signed the marriage contract.

And this is the story of Herbert Leonard Morris and Emma Hermia Pompezzi, who were wed by contract in the law office of Mack Alter on Monday.

serious look settled over the beautiful face of the girl.

"It's hard to have your father say I am only your landlady's daughter. I'm sure it is no disgrace to be poor."

"If you were the poorest thing in the world I would love you," cried the youth ardently, "and I will make you my wife in spite of every one."

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The Man Higher Up.

His Views on Jerome's Axe Play at Canfield's.

"THAT was a great raid Jerome made on Canfield's," remarked the cigar-store man.

"Surest thing you know," responded the Man Higher Up. "It was a production worthy of Richard Mansfield. Jerome is getting to be a better stage manager every day. All he needs is an orchestra and a squad of show girls in the District-Attorney's office to put Charley Frohman on the plot."

"Gambling is certainly a horrible crime. It's worse than murder. Jerome proves it. The Toms are so stuffed with murderers that a self-respecting thief can't take his daily promenade without bumping into one of them, but Jerome ain't paying any attention to the murderers. No sending a man to the electric chair for his when there is a chance to make an axe-play in the Tenderloin."

"Ever know a turkey actor that had played one night stands so long that he could repeat the names on the store signs on Main street in every town of over 5,000 inhabitants west of the Allegheny Mountains? Not I have. His sole ambition in life is to play New York. Jerome reminds me of the turkey actor with an ambition."

"Jerome has been wanting to play Canfield's ever since he became leading man of the All Star Reform Stock Company. He has played the Bowery and the Red Light District and McDuck's and John Kelly's and the Haymarket and Al Adams's and Lou Bette's, but his ambition has been to play to a house in Fifth avenue. He has framed up his route list to have every tour end at Canfield's, but he didn't get a chance until his engagements were eleven months old."

"As you remarked, it was a great raid. Know how it was pulled-off?"

No? Well, I'll put you wise.

"One of Jerome's advance agents butts into Canfield's about a week ago and snowballs the layout. He spots a dealer, hustles down to court, swears out a John Doe warrant and reports to Willie. At last the way was open to play Canfield's. Mind you, this was a week ago."

"Why didn't they raid the place then?" asked the cigar store man.

"The press notices weren't ready," replied the Man Higher Up. "And maybe Canfield didn't have an open date."

"What do you mean by press notices?" asked the cigar store man.

"Public draggers," said the Man Higher Up. "You don't suppose Jerome would play a gambling house without an audience, do you? Why, he's got a publicity department that would make a combination of George Cross, Charley Miller, Billy Sill, Paul Wistach, A. Toxin Wor, Tody Hamilton, Whiting Allen, Gus Lane and all the other Broadway press agents look like an organization to protect the secrets of the confessional. As a chaser out of advertising Jerome has got a circus parade or a minstrel brass band skinned to a vegetarian's lunch."

"First he put it out gently. He let the confiding reporters in the Criminal Courts Building know that he was drawing maps for a tour of the Tenderloin, with side excursions into the green-cloth places. Then, when he got everybody guessing about whether he was going to punch a progressive euchre party in Greenwich village or a pinocchio game in Avenue A he speils right out loud that the only way to stop gambling is to send the suckers who go to gambling houses to the island."

"He figures this will hold 'em for awhile, and it does. But he waits until late Monday afternoon before he puts out the big stands with three colors and a tint."

"Then he sends one of his publicity promoters out to tell the reporters that he is going to raid Canfield's along in the evening, having learned that there is open time in Forty-fourth street. All the evening papers print the news and Canfield looks up the little balls and the cards and the boxes and the tables and things and sits for company in his front room."

"You know what happened after the company came. Canfield's place looked like a clubhouse for blind men."

"Do you think he really wanted to get Canfield?" asked the cigar store man.

"He couldn't have wanted him worse if he had turned the raid over to the Salvation Army," replied the Man Higher Up.

West 14th St.
COWPERTHWAIT'S
"RELIABLE"
CARPETS
VELVETS, 85 cts. per yd.
(Reduced from \$1.25.)
"Extra" quality—Borders to match. Rich greens and reds, also Oriental colorings—a particularly serviceable Dining-Room Carpet.
FLEMISH OAK TABLES, \$8.00
(Reduced from \$12.00.)
Round center tables, fluted pillars, claw feet.
"LONG CREDIT" allows payments when convenient.
CASH OR CREDIT
COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
104, 106 and 108 West 14th St., NEAR 6TH AV.
Brooklyn Stores: Flatbush Ave. near Fulton St.

Amusements.
PROCTOR'S TO-DAY. 25th St. 23rd St. 5th Ave. 58th St. 125th St.
ADULT JACK, William Drumm, Mable Sullivan, All Famous Stock, with Vaudeville Features.
"QUEEN OF CHINA TOWN." Montague Irving, Miss Crawford, All Favorites.
"THE LAST APPEAL." Adelaide Kell, Ned Howard Power, Famous Stock Favorites, Vaudeville, BEST STOCK COMPANIES IN NEW YORK.
METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE. GRAND OPERA SEASON. 1895-1896. Under the direction of Mr. MAURICE GRAY. Special Notice—Owing to the illness of the GOLDEN VOICE, the MANAGEMENT is reluctantly compelled to change the opera to-night from "La Boheme" to "La Traviata."
TO-NIGHT, Dec. 3, at 8 o'clock—LA TRAVIATA. Sat. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8 o'clock—BOHME. Sun. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8 o'clock—LA TRAVIATA. Mon. Eve., Dec. 8, at 8 o'clock—BOHME. Tue. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8 o'clock—LA TRAVIATA. Wed. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8 o'clock—BOHME. Thu. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8 o'clock—LA TRAVIATA. Fri. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8 o'clock—BOHME. WEDNESDAY PIANOS USED.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. and Irving Pl. 20 MONTHS—A MELODRAMMA IN HAIL CARY'S ABSURDITY. THE NINETEEN AND NINE. Prices—25, 50, 75, 1.00. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 25, 50, 75, 1.00.
HARRY HILL THE LARGEST & BEST. 44th St. 42nd St. 40th St. 38th St. 36th St. 34th St. 32nd St. 30th St. 28th St. 26th St. 24th St. 22nd St. 20th St. 18th St. 16th St. 14th St. 12th St. 10th St. 8th St. 6th St. 4th St. 2nd St. 1st St. KATHLEEN MAHONEY. OR, ST. PATRICK'S EVE.
Weber & Fields' MUSIC. Broadway & 20th St. THE MUSICAL HALL. 14th St. & 2nd Ave. ABSURDITY. TWIRLY-WHIRLY. And Burlesque. HUMMING BIRDS & OYSTERS.
THE MATINEE TO-DAY. DEWEY, Bon Ton Burlesquers. 14th St. "A Daffy Show." "Oriental Danes." THE OSBORN'S PLAYHOUSE. 44th St. near 5th Ave. Mrs. OSBORN'S PLAYHOUSE. Wed. Eve. at 8.15 p.m. "FAD AND FOLLY."
"TODAY" 42nd St. & W. 7th Ave. Ev. 8.15. Mat. 2.15. "THE LARGEST & BEST." 44th St. 42nd St. 40th St. 38th St. 36th St. 34th St. 32nd St. 30th St. 28th St. 26th St. 24th St. 22nd St. 20th St. 18th St. 16th St. 14th St. 12th St. 10th St. 8th St. 6th St. 4th St. 2nd St. 1st St. KATHLEEN MAHONEY. OR, ST. PATRICK'S EVE.
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